

IN THE VINE'S EYE



A Site-Based Fantasy Adventure
For Any Old School Class-and-Level Fantasy Role-Playing Game
Best Suited for Characters of 4th to 6th Level
by Jeff Sparks
Faster Monkey Games

Labyrinth Lord
Compatible Product





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JEFF SPARKS

FASTER MONKEY GAMES

"In the Vine's Eye"

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Page references such as LL99 refer to the core Labyrinth Lord rulebook. Page references such as AEC111 refer to the Advanced Edition Companion.



IN THE VINE'S EYE

SYNOPSIS FOR THE GM

In the foothills north of Renneton lies the Valley of the Diamond Sword. From time to time, rumors of monsters and great treasure lure adventurers here. While there is danger and wealth to be found, it is—as always—not quite what the heroes expect.

The valley actually holds a rich vineyard, grown by a Cyclops for his wines. Mirf is an ancient example of his kind, and very powerful. He wishes only to be left only to tend his flocks of goats and his vines.

Now a local merchant's son, obsessed with finding the wine, has disappeared. The father will pay handsomely for his return, and the secret of the fabulous wine.

In the Vine's Eye is a site-based fantasy adventure. It is also usable with any “edition zero” class-and-level fantasy game. It is playable by any level of character, but is best suited for low- to mid-level PCs (4th-6th).

BACKGROUND

Long ago, a traveler told the first tales of the Cyclops' valley and his vineyard. He called it a “Diamond Sword,” referring to the variety of firm, pale grapes that grew there. His vines are ancient and enormous, covering the northern half of the valley in sparkling green leaves and fruits. Over the years the name has gotten distorted in the re-telling to “Diamond Sword.” A local legend grew of magical treasures and

jewels for the taking if only the valley could be found and the monsters defeated.

A generation ago, while the Cyclops was away from his cave for longer than usual, bandits found his lair. They stole a large amphora of wine and sold it at the nearest town. The vintage was hailed as beyond compare, and merchants clamored for more. Before the bandits could be found and asked for details about the wine's origin, the Cyclops' terrible curse took effect and the secret was lost.

In the southern end of the valley lie Mirf the Cyclops' pastures. He keeps hundreds of goats for food and wool. Among the normal examples of the breed are several magical hircines known as “Caprarones.” The huge, intelligent goats act as guardians for the herds and are quite formidable.

The Cyclops' cave is set in the steeper part of the hills on the western side. Over the years he has tunneled out and enlarged the chambers to make room for his wines. He digs clay from the stream and throws his own pots. He keeps enormous bees for sealing wax and honey.

The Cyclops tries to live as self-sufficiently as possible. He is the last of his proud bloodline, and an exceptional example of his breed. He is far more intelligent—and powerful—than the brutish, normal version of the monster; they are degenerate offspring of his ancient stock. What's more, his ability to curse those who anger him is far more potent.



REWARDS

There is treasure in the valley, but it is quite atypical of what most PCs are used to finding: the wine is of course, very valuable, though it is difficult to transport. The clay urns—standing nearly four feet high—are quite heavy even when empty, and can hold forty gallons of wine each!

- * Clever PCs may be able to broker a deal between the Cyclops and the merchant Stilton, garnering a hefty fee or a percentage of the profits.
- * A cutting or two from the Cyclops' vines might fetch a good price from vintners.
- * The urns themselves are beautiful workmanship, each one decorated with scenes from the history of the Cyclops' clan.
- * The goats' wool is of an exceptionally warm and soft variety. The caprarones' wool is actually magical in nature and can be used for weaving enchanted fabrics (e.g. cloaks and robes).
- * Human goat herders might pay handsomely for a few head of these animals to add to their stock. The beasts will resist leaving their master.
- * The beehives are home to GIANT KILLER BEES (LL 65) and their honey is magical in nature, with healing properties. It is also hallucinogenic and addictive and sometimes sold as an illegal narcotic called Wild Honey (see p27).

RENNETON

The party has followed rumors of a great treasure hidden among the foothills to the village of Renneton, home of Valnwall's finest cheeses.

Located just south of the Cloudbother Mountains, Renneton is a small town of about 3,500 people, including outlying farmers. Most locals either help produce cheese or raise dairy livestock. The populace relies on the annual cheese auction to put extra money in their pockets and get them through the winter. The village is a generally a quiet place, unless the annual cheese sales and festival are going on. Much of the population lives in the outlying farms. Characters can find most basic supplies for sale in Renneton. Standard equipment is readily available, but arms and armor are limited. There is only a 50% chance of larger weapons (greater than 1d6 damage) being available. The only armor for sale is regular leather or padded.

NB: Bricks of "traveling" cheese (Renneton Hard Whites) are half the normal price (3 sp for 5 lbs. instead of 6 sp). A pound is enough food for a day, for those willing to eat nothing but cheese!

There are several inns and taverns for the party to choose from, each one much like the next. The Whey Station is a popular choice for travelers. While staying in town, PCs may hear various rumors, including the legend of Diamond Sword Valley. The characters' presence in town also attracts the attention of a prosperous merchant who will seek them out with more information and an offer.

For every hour spent plying the locals with talk and drinks, each character so engaged can roll once on the Rumor Table. Characters with a Charisma score of 14+ can roll twice. If the rumor table hasn't led them to the merchant named Stilton, he seeks them out after they have been in town for a day. (T) means a completely true rumor and (F) means false.



RUMOR TABLE

Roll (1d8):

1. The diamond sword isn't decorated with gems, it's carved from a single diamond! (F)
2. Anyone who finds the valley is trapped there forever. At least, no one has ever returned. (Partially true: the curse draws them back)
3. Two men found the valley years ago and brought back gold and gems, then they disappeared. (Again, partially true. They brought back the wine)
4. Old Stilton kept some of the treasure from the men. (T)
5. The valley must be north of town somewhere, because the rest of the foothills are too settled. (T)
6. Benny Cabot saw a gigantic goat come into his fields and chase a strange nanny away into the hills. (T)
7. The diamond sword isn't a weapon, it's a jewel with magical powers. (F)
8. Young Stilton knew where it was, and the Duke had him kidnapped for it. (F)

THE MERCHANT STILTON

Elias Stilton is a prosperous merchant of middle years. He has bright red hair and beard, neatly trimmed and peppered with gray. His shop deals primarily with luxury items and imported goods. Stilton explains that many years ago his father, Terens Stilton, acquired a large amphora of wine from some dubious characters. It was a tremendous vintage and the sellers assured the elder Stilton that they could procure more. Elias was only a child at the time but he remembers his father's excitement over the wine's potential value. The two men never returned. Terens bottled the wine from the urn and sold it a bit at a time, but kept a few bottles for his own cellars. Elias remembers tasting it once on a festival day long ago. It was every bit as good as his father said. Terens Stilton became obsessed over the wine and getting more. He spent good gold on maps of the region and hired several groups of adventurers to track down leads, all to no avail. Finally, to cover the debts he had incurred in his pursuit, Terens had to sell Barrelhouse, the family estate and vineyards. The Stiltons moved into town and continued as merchants in a small way until Elias was old enough to take over the family business. By then his father was in his dotage.

While Elias was rebuilding some of the Stilton name, his father spent more and more time with his grandson, Zachary. The boy was fascinated with the idea of the almost magical wine and its mysterious origins. Elias told him to ignore his grandfather's ramblings, but the seed of the obsession had taken hold. Terens passed away several months ago. According to Elias, Zachary promised the old man to continue the quest for the wine. The young man took his oath seriously and spent weeks poring over his grandfather's papers for clues. Two weeks ago, Zachary disappeared. He left a short note for his father, which simply said, "I've found it! The diamond sword! I will be back in a week."

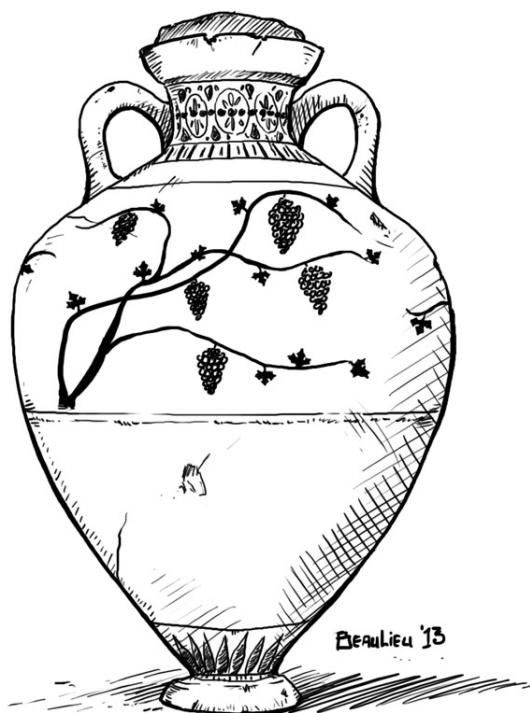
Elias explains that "Sword" actually means "Sward" and is referring to the vineyard's location, whereas "Diamond" is a type of grape. Elias is understandably worried. He will pay the PCs one thousand gold pieces



for his son's safe return. If it turns out that there is in fact wine in the Diamond Sward, and the PCs return with clues to the wine's origins, Elias will offer to pay the adventurers ten gold pieces per gallon of wine they can bring back, plus an additional thousand if they can give him a reliable map to where it's made. He is willing to go as high as twenty gold per gallon, but the PCs will have to talk him up for that price. Elias stresses, however, that his son's safety comes first, and without him home safely, there is no deal.

Stilton describes Zachary as a lad of nineteen with red hair like himself, worn long in the style of young people today. He is of medium height and lean in build.

If such a price for so much wine seems low to PCs who calculate the cost per bottle's worth, Elias can explain that he must cover the costs of properly bottling and distributing it. Renneton is too small a town to be a viable market for such exceptional wine. He will need to export it to places such as Dolmvay or Bay City.



SEARCHING THE HILLS

Obviously one of the challenges in getting to the hidden valley is finding the place! It is located approximately twenty-five miles north-northeast of Renneton, among the foothills just below the Cloudbother Mountains. There are no towns or villages closer than Renneton. In fact, almost no one lives nearby.

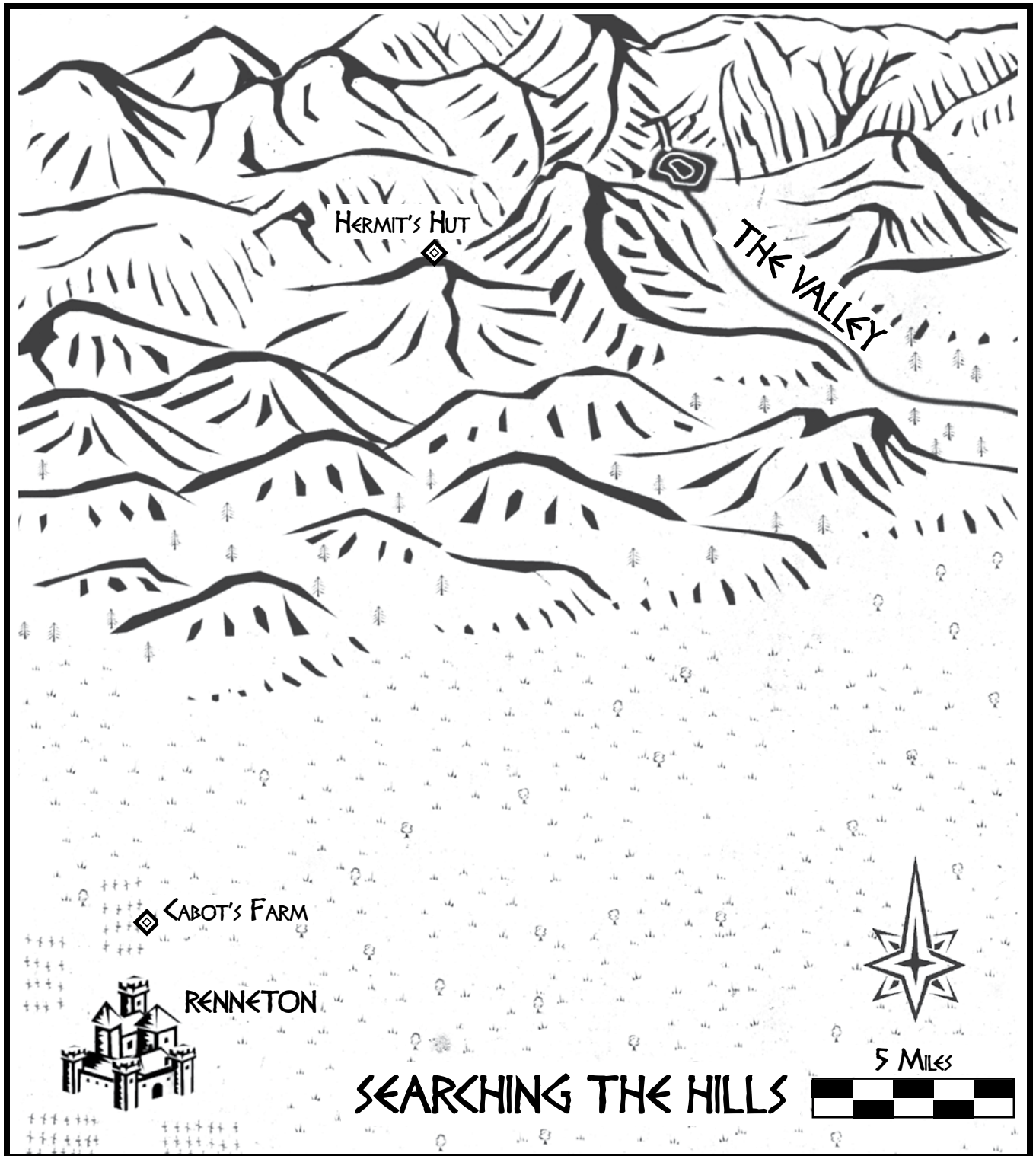
Travel rates through the foothills are reduced by 1/3 due to the terrain. Each day, the party must decide which direction they wish to head. There is an approximately one in three chance (32%, LL46) of losing their way and heading in the wrong direction by one point of the compass (e.g., if they wished to head north, getting lost means they head predominately NE or NW for that day, determined randomly). PCs with wilderness backgrounds, like elves, druids, and rangers, can make daily Wisdom checks to notice that the party is off-course and make corrections. Such an adjustment usually means backtracking, so the party makes no progress that day, distance-wise. Use the "Grassland" encounter table for wandering monsters (LL105).

Alternatively, the GM may wish to move on to the more detailed part of the adventure and handwave the process of searching for the valley, simply declaring that after a few days, they come upon the hermit's hut.

CABOT'S FARM

Ben Cabot has a small croft outside of town. Like most of the villagers, he raises dairy stock (in his case, goats) and some small crops. He is a taciturn man approaching middle age.

If the PCs ask him about the creature, he recites the story with the tone of a man who is tired of repeating a tale and not being believed. He says that when he went to feed the goats a few days ago, Cabot saw that a stray had wandered into the flock. He assumed at first it was a neighbor's, but it was a breed he hadn't seen before. He went back to the house to get a rope to





tether the animal. When Cabot returned, a huge goat was standing in the field. It was as tall as he was with gleaming black horns. The whole herd had panicked and run except for the stray, which followed the giant beast into the hills to the north. Cabot spent the rest of the morning rounding up his scattered herd, but he saw no sign of the creature again, except for the huge tracks it had left in some turf. Cabot can show the party where he saw the creature. Sure enough, a successful Wisdom or tracking check reveal a few faint prints are still visible. They are cloven hooves the size of a horse's, definitely from a four-legged gait. If they are fake, they are incredibly well done. They come and go from the north, but the tracks die in the rocky ground a mile beyond the field. Following the general direction the tracks went will lead the party toward the Hermit.

HERMIT'S HUT

The hermit lives alone in a small hut made of piled fieldstone and cut turf a few days' north of town. Browned and weathered by a life in the wilderness, he is an elderly man, but seems healthy enough. He will greet visitors politely, but disinterestedly. He speaks Common with a strange accent. If asked his name, he claims to have "lost it walking" several years ago.

He will answer any questions put to him as best he can. He doesn't know much about the outside world, but he does know the area around his home fairly well. He can tell the party that he saw a giant goat two days ago. He has seen them before and spoken to them. They told him to stay out of the valley, for his own good.

He warns the valley is an ancient place full of magic and danger. The valley is a half day east of his home: "Look for the waterfall." The hermit is a fairly powerful Neutrally-aligned cleric (12th level), but age and a vow of pacifism make him ineffective as a fighter. He can be a useful source of healing magic if approached properly. He has no interest in money or power, and is even indifferent to his own life. Appeals to ease suffering or pain will move him. He will not

raise the dead, simply stating they are at peace, and should remain so. He will offer to help the PCs lay the deceased to rest, though.

THE VALLEY

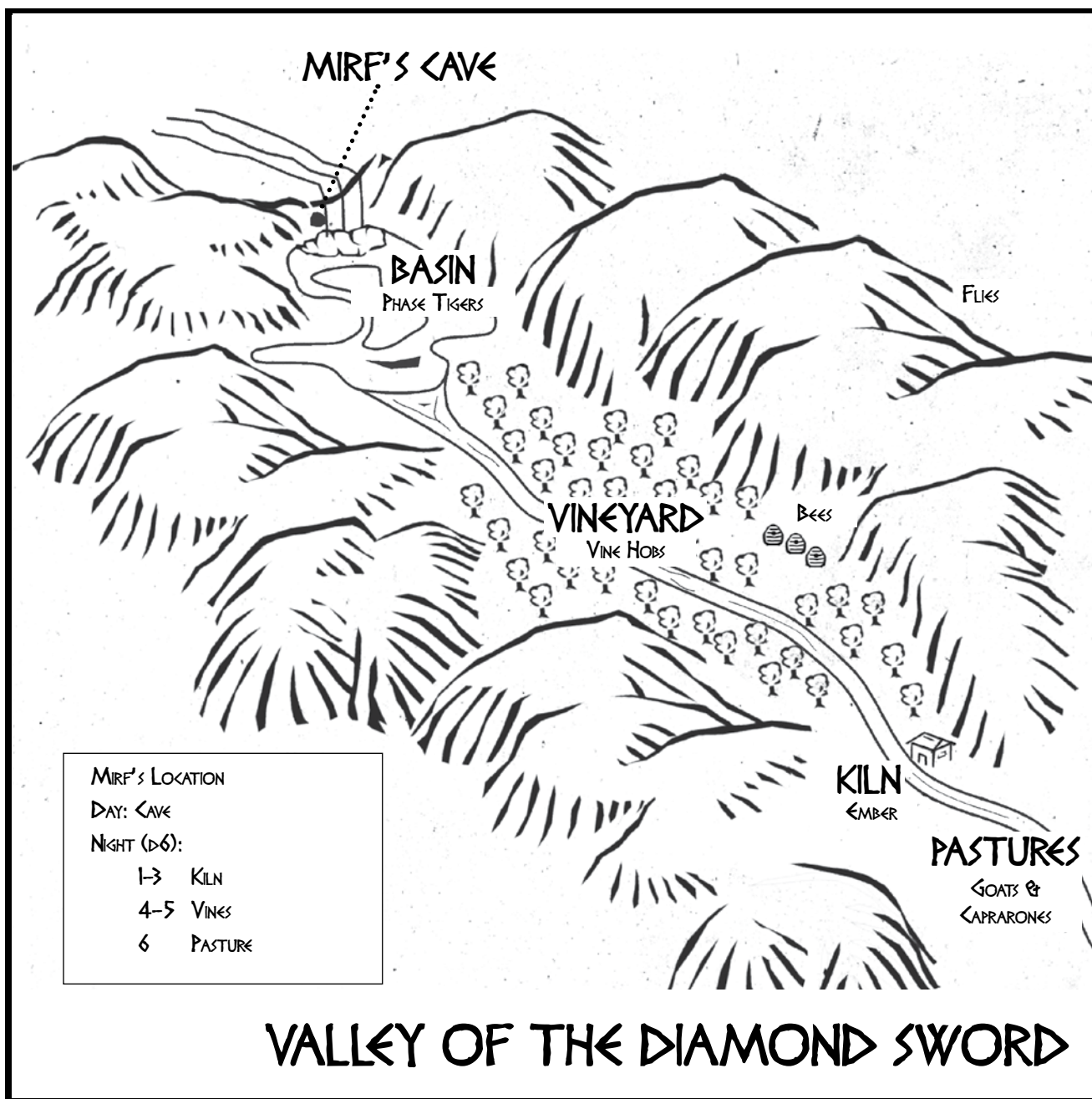
The Valley of the Diamond Sword is a long, narrow vale nestled between rocky hills. A small waterfall cascades down into a wide basin, from which a stream from the northwestern end of the valley. The stream flows steadily between the slopes and continues out of the valley to the south.

Behind the waterfall is the entrance to the home cave of Mirf the Cyclops. He spends most of the day in his cave, preferring to be about at night. He is a solitary and moody creature, but not malicious. Depending on when they arrive in the valley, the PCs may have a few hours to explore before he appears, assuming they don't cause too great a disturbance.

Past the falls, the water slows and the stream runs through the center of the vineyards, whose enormous vines cover the width of the valley and even partway up the slopes. At the far, southeast end of the valley lie the goat pastures. The beasts roam and graze here under the watchful eyes of the caprarones.

THE KILN

In between the vineyards and the pastures, the Cyclops has set up a potter's wheel and kiln to make his wine jugs. He digs the clay straight from the stream bank. Next to the stream is a large pole barn-like structure. It consists of an angled plank roof supported by four massive posts. Underneath is a huge (8' diameter) stone potter's wheel, two large barrels, and an enormous spade. Just outside of the roof is a gigantic fieldstone kiln with a heavy-looking stone slab as a hatch on the front. Two large barrels stand nearby. One is stained gray on the inside (from holding clay over the years), the other cleaner-looking (used for water). This is where Mirf throws pots and crockery.





The oven is always warm though there is no sign of fuel nearby. Mirf has trapped a small fire elemental, known as an **EMBER**, in the oven (see *New Monsters*, p.22). The creature is bound unwillingly to the kiln, but it will guard it and the workshop with its life, for Mirf has told the Ember that if the kiln is destroyed, it will die too. This is a lie. If the kiln is destroyed the ember will be banished back to the plane of fire. The ember can only move up to 30' from the oven, and then only for three rounds before returning for at least a round.

THE VINEYARD

The vines here are ancient and have grown very large. Some are thicker around than a man's leg and reach heights of over ten feet. They are well-maintained in neat rows and look vibrantly healthy with thick dark leaves. The grapes themselves are normal size, but grow in enormous bunches with hundreds of berries in each. They are firm and pale yellow-white in color. If tasted, they are juicy and slightly—but not unpleasantly—tart.

Stilton, or another vintner familiar with the wine's quality, would be very interested in a cutting from these vines. A character with knowledge of plants can easily harvest such a sample. Doing so will immediately incur an attack by the **VINE HOBBS** (see *New Monsters*, p.21).

The vineyard is protected by the hobs. They have a pact with Mirf where he supplies them with a jug of wine every full moon and they protect the grapes from pests and intruders. The hobs will harry and ambush the party with hit-and-run tactics, picking off members one by one. They can be distracted by dropping shiny objects like coins, or by a tossing them something to drink, like a skin of ale or wine, which may delay pursuit. The hobs will not come into open view to take it, though.

THE PASTURES

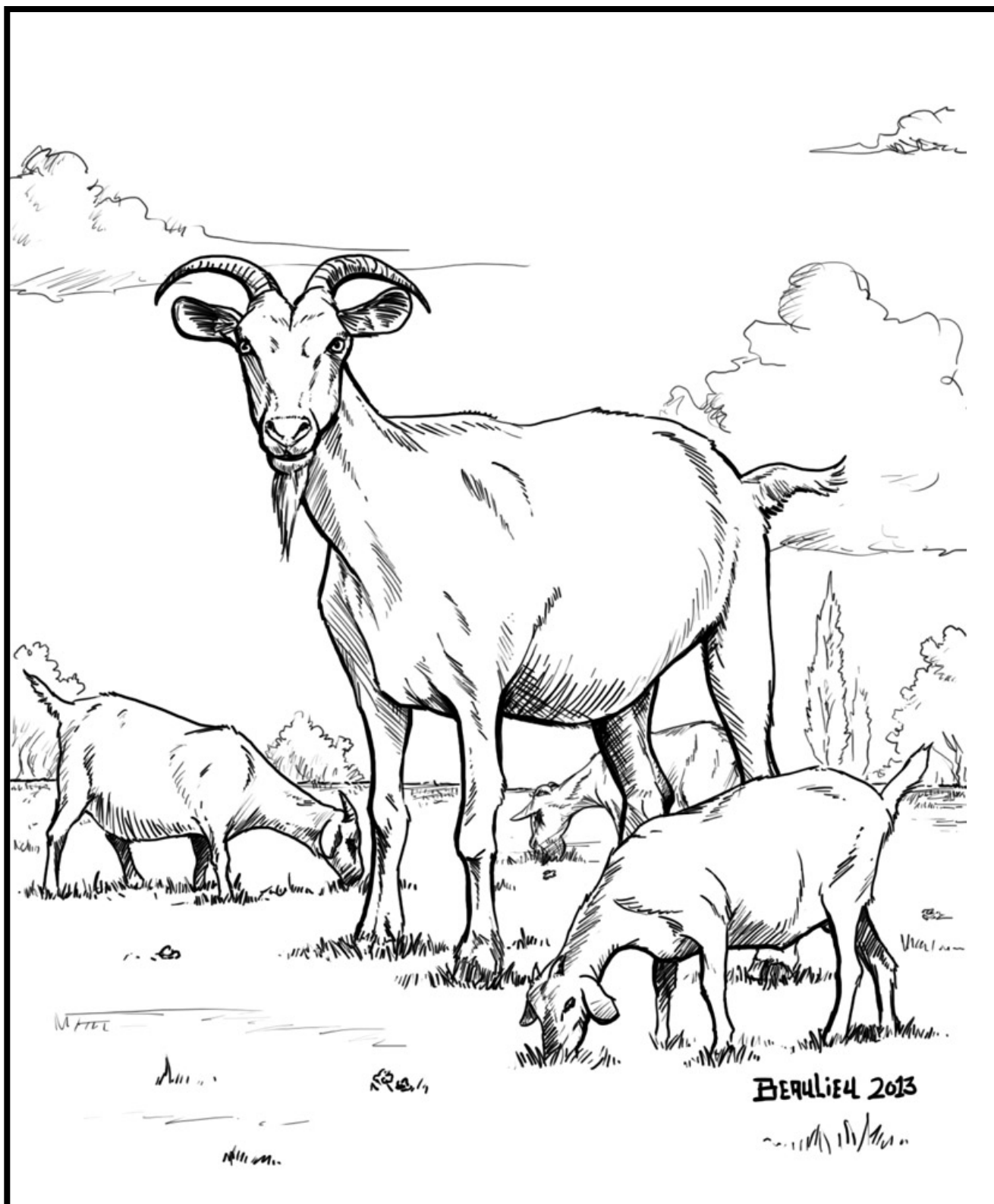
The southern end of the valley is steeper and rockier than the vineyards, but with plenty of green grass. Goats graze peacefully around the slopes, several extremely large goats among them. One slope of the hills is covered in a kind of "broom" with low brambles covered in bright yellow flowers. Huge bees float over the blossoms, making a low droning sound that can be heard from a distance.

The large goats are the **CAPRARONES** (see *New Monsters*, p.21). They guard the flocks and watch for trouble throughout the valley. If they spot the characters, they will keep an eye on them, even following them around the pastures at a distance. They won't raise the alarm unless there is a direct threat.

The smaller goats are normal herd animals (2HD, LL81), although an unusual breed for this region. Their brown and white coat is silky and long and its wool—when woven—insulates and repels water wonderfully. Goatherds would pay nicely for a few head of such a breed (up to three times the normal cost per head, for at least one nanny and billy each). The caprarones will try to stop anyone harming or taking any goats.

Players taking particular notice will see that one of the caprarones has a bright russet coat, like red human hair. It is Zachary. He has been transformed by Mirf and is now part of his herd. Zachary still remembers his old life and would like to go home, but the change is starting to weaken his resolve (see "The Curse," p.24). While cursed, he can not work against Mirf or harm him.

A swarm of Giant Killer Bees (LL65) makes its hive in a hollow on the western slope of the valley not far from the kiln. They collect nectar from the grape blossoms and the wild flowers in the pastures. Mirf has set a large flat stone up against a hollow in the hill to make a sort of cave for the bees. He can move the rock to get at the honey when he needs to. He lights green wood at the kiln and uses the smoke to drive the bees away while he collects the honey and comb. Mirf uses





the honey's flavor (and its narcotic effects) in his wines, and the wax for sealing the amphorae.

Next to the hive is a large barrel, with lid, that the Cyclops uses to collect the honey. Only a bit of honey is in the bottom at the moment, but it is still enough to act as one dose of Wild Honey (p27).

There is a nest of Giant Carnivorous Flies (LL75) nearby that sometimes preys on the bees. Mirf has not yet located the nest, and he will look more favorably upon any PCs who destroy the pests.

THE BASIN

The cataract that descends into the valley falls as a narrow spout from a cliff about 50' above a rocky basin-pool. From there the stream heads down into the valley. The water here is only about 10' at its deepest. Mirf can easily wade through it. Anyone going over the falls (or falling off the cliff) from the top takes 5d6 damage from the impact with the rocky pool. The cliff is steep (and slippery in places). Only a thief can climb it without a lowered rope, and even then at a -25% penalty.

A pair of Phase Tigers (LL91) have recently made a lair in the rocks above the pool. They manage to occasionally kill a goat, but the caprarones usually chase them off. Mirf is far too large a target for the cats. Unwary animals come to the pool to drink or fish sometimes, but seldom enough so that the tigers are usually hungry. The cats sleep during the day, but if the party makes enough noise, they will awaken. If the cats spy a lone or vulnerable target, they will pounce. They gain surprise on a 4-6 and +2 to hit and damage to its initial attack for dropping from above (10' above the pool).

Behind the falls is a series of caves. Mirf has enlarged them to make his home.

MIRF'S CAVE

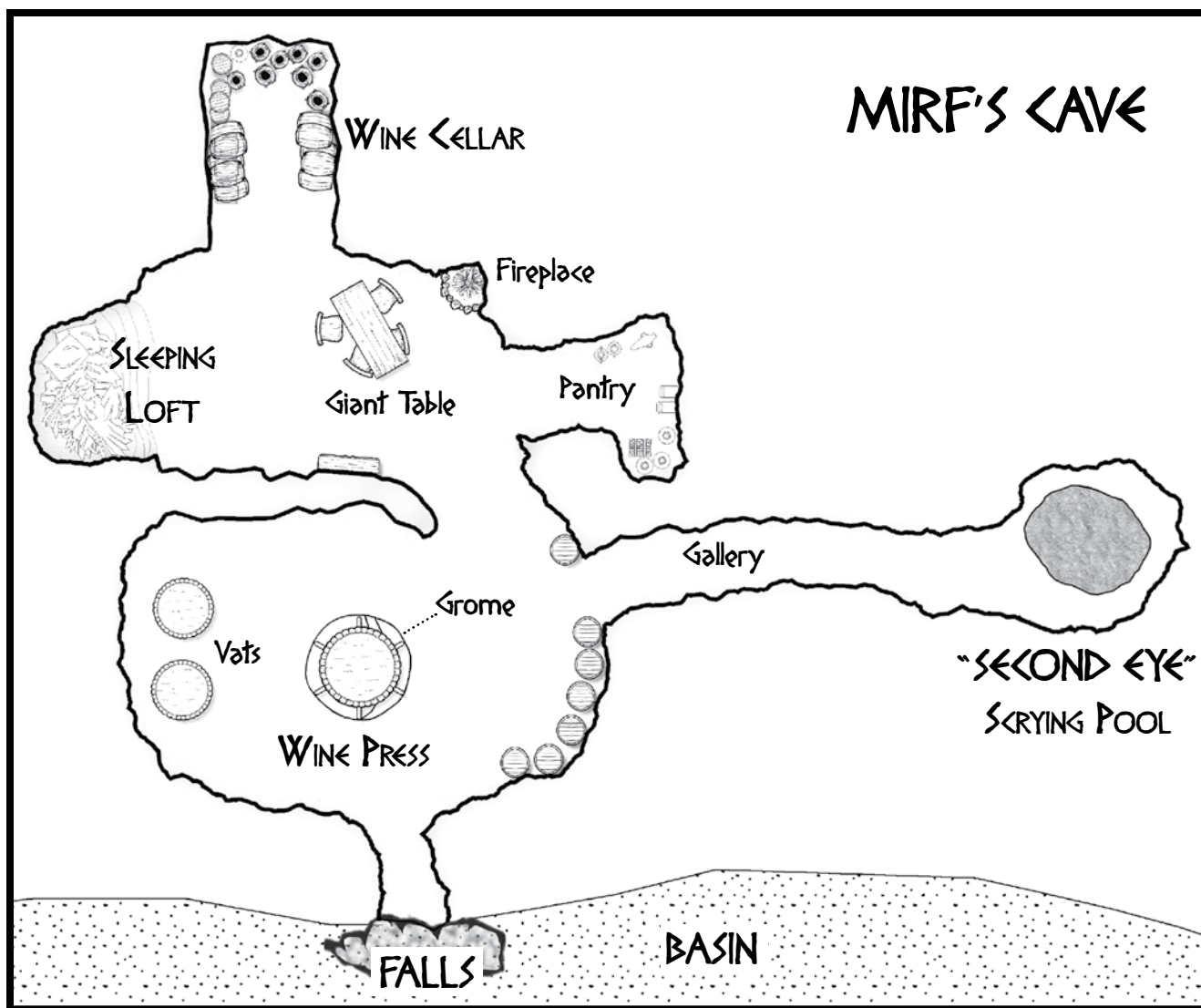
Inside the entrance is a high-ceilinged, airy chamber. A huge wine press made from flat stones and giant staves dominates the center of the room. There are also two huge vats (1,000 gallons) along one wall. Mirf presses and vints his wine here, adding herbs and honey in varying amounts. The wine initially ferments in the upright vats until being transferred to the barrels, back in the Wine Cellar cave.

When raised, the press is large enough for a grown man to stand (or hide) in. One of the stones is actually a type of small earth elemental called a Grome (see New Monsters, p23). It is bound to Mirf's service. The Grome will not attack or make its presence known unless the press is harmed, or if Mirf commands it.

Down the tunnel from the barrels, Mirf stores his wines and other brews for the long term. The Wine Cellar is a long chamber with rows of clay vessels. The air is cool and damp. There are seventeen amphorae of a size with the one in Stilton's home. Four are empty, the rest are full of wine. There are also two pots of Wild Honey here (two gallons each).

The wine itself is a pale golden color. Even to the uninitiated, the bouquet, color, and taste of the vintage are simply amazing. (Chateau Lafite Rothschild's 1811 "Comet Vintage" wishes it was this good!) To the connoisseur, it is beyond compare. Stilton is offering up potentially thousands of gold pieces because he knows he can make profit on it even at that buying price.

Mirf's living space is in a large cavern situated beyond the press. It is a natural chamber that has been expanded and finished off over the years. There is a kitchen area, with a large table and cooking fireplace. He sleeps on a loft-like shelf above the kitchen. There is also a small cave behind the main one that serves as a pantry, with smoked goat meat, jugs of wine, baskets of dried fruits, and several blocks of runny homemade cheese.



A wide tunnel to the right is lined with painted clay sculptures and bas-reliefs. Mirf created this gallery in his solitude over the centuries. The art reflects scenes from the peak of his race's civilization. Subject matter includes things like a Cyclops king on a throne, noble-looking Cyclops warriors, Cyclops maidens dancing, etc. The artwork is far better than one would expect from a brutish giant, although done in an ancient style. The clay pieces are large and probably fragile but might be quite valuable to an art dealer who appreciates nonhuman artwork.

The tunnel leads to a chamber containing a round pool lined with crystals like a geode. On the far wall, a fresco done in disturbing colors shows a Cyclops pouring liquid from an urn into a smoking hole, a look of great pain on his face.

The pool is magical. Mirf calls it the Second Eye. (See New Items, p27.)



MIRF THE CYCLOPS

At some point in their explorations, the party is going to encounter Mirf the Cyclops (see New Monsters, p.23). He is a formidable-looking creature, and not easily defeated. Fortunately for the PCs, he is not necessarily interested in a battle.

If encountered in the valley, it is likely that he is aware of the party's whereabouts, either from the caprarones apprising him or the Second Eye. He will approach cautiously. He first takes a Cyclops-sized swig (double normal dose) of *invisibility* potion from a clay jug at his belt. He keeps his distance, though, staying about 40 yards away. Even so, PCs get a listen check (LL45) to hear his footfalls, though even with a success distance and direction is hard to discern.

He will call out in an archaic Common to the PCs that he only wishes to talk. If the PCs don't take hostile action (though he understands not laying down arms immediately), Mirf will become visible and approach with his hands in sight. The Cyclops doesn't want to kill them. He does not care for strangers in his valley, but he would speak with the party first to see what brings them there. Mirf's normal method of dealing with interlopers is to transform them into caprarones, but on occasion he has let some folk go who seemed benign (e.g., the Hermit).

The party will need to be careful how they speak with Mirf. He does not respond well to threats, and any direct violence will be met with harshly. Inquiries about Zachary will yield some fruit. Mirf admits that a red-haired lad came to the valley recently, and he discovered him stealing his wine and grapes. He will tell the PCs that Zachary is unharmed, but will never leave the valley without Mirf's consent. He does not volunteer the information that the young man is now a magical goat. Any damage to his operations (the Kiln, the Press, etc.) may count against the party in Mirf's eye as well.

Offers to trade for the wine and Zachary will be heard, but the PCs will need to be willing to negotiate. Mirf has little need of cash, but he is no savage, and he knows the worth of his vintage. There are goods he can use (he'd like some decent cheese, for one), but what the Cyclops really wants is more difficult to acquire.

MIRF'S DILEMMA

Mirf carries a terrible burden. Centuries ago, his clan's chieftain entered into a foolish bargain with an infernal entity known as Galxur. The Cyclops sought to gain an advantage in a clash with a group of fire giants. The devil provided the promised aid, but in return Mirf's bloodline was bound to make constant tribute. Much of their wealth went to Galxur, who used it to curry favor among more powerful devils. Now Mirf is the last of his line.

Galxur has found a patron who is fond of the Cyclops' wine, and every year Mirf must give him thirteen huge jugs of the vintage: nearly all he can make. If he fails in his tribute, his soul will be forfeit.

Mirf would be delighted to be free of the fiend, but the clan's blood pact with Galxur makes it impossible for him to attack the devil directly. Galxur also holds the souls of Mirf's ancestors prisoner in magical clay pots (see "Spirit Urns," New Items, p.27.)

If the PCs would be willing to help him and the souls of his ancestors be free of Galxur, Mirf would free Zachary and even discuss trading for his wine.

To accomplish this, the party must travel to Galxur's realm. Mirf can open the gate he uses for sending his wine. Once there, they must free the souls of Mirf's forebearers from torment and destroy Galxur, or at least the token of the pact between Galxur and the Cyclops clan. It is a teardrop-shaped diamond, stained red with the blood of the chieftain who made the bargain.



Mirf can open the gate through the Second Eye, but cannot keep it open for very long. He tells them he can scry Galxur's realm through the pool and when the party is ready, he will re-open the gate for their return. If they must return in failure, he will let them through, but then he will not release Zachary or give up his wine.

THROUGH THE GATE

The gate leads to a small corner of the infernal realms known as the Grove of Ash. Here lies a blasted landscape under roiling black clouds. This is the abode of Galxur. It is a small piece of metaphysical real estate compared to others, but it obeys its own particular rules. (Note: For GMs using the Advanced Edition Companion's cosmology, the infernal realm of devils is a demiplane within the Plane of Order (AEC146).)

In addition to its scrying powers, the Second Eye in Mirf's grotto can act as a gate between the material world and Galxur's little corner of Hell. When activated, it allows one to jump into the water and travel to Galxur's plane. There, the gate manifests as a pool of quicksilver that clings to the cave's ceiling; whatever passes through it drops into the cave below.

THE GROVE OF ASH

ARRIVING AT THE GROVE OF ASH

To protect this side of the portal—and to prevent the amphorae from shattering—Galxur has enslaved an ATTERCOP (see *New Monsters*, p.25) to act as a guardian. The attercop has spun several nets of webbing below the silvery liquid to catch whatever, or whomever, comes through. Characters falling into the web must make a save vs. paralysis at -2 or be caught as if in a *WEB* spell. The attercop will attack any unexpected visitors (Galxur informs the creature when someone is supposed to be

arriving). The attercop will only use paralysis venom, fearing to kill someone whom Galxur would wish to speak with or torment. The creature speaks crudely in an archaic form of Common. Spells and magic items mostly function normally here. Although there is no day or night, spell casters can rest and regain spells in the regular way. There are a few exceptions to this, however. Any active light spell effects—continual or otherwise—are permanently dispelled upon arrival. Newly-cast light spells are at half effectiveness (duration and area of effect are at 50%). *Continual light* only lasts while the caster concentrates on it.

Clerics turn undead and evil creatures as if they were three levels lower (minimum 1st level). *Detect evil* is practically useless, as the entire place seethes with evil, so the “signal” is confused. *Bless* does not work, either. This is important to note when dealing with Choshvar (p.25), depending on which rules set you are running. Also, since there are no normal beasts, weather, or plants in this realm, many druidic/nature-based spells will not work.

The gate closes the round after the last PC comes through. The rippling quicksilver grows still and dim, looking like a pale section of stone. There are two ways for the PCs to get back through. First, they can wait for Mirf to re-open the gate. The other way is to get the “key” from Galxur: a two-pronged trident-like weapon he carries with him. It is made of the same shimmering metal as the gate in the attercop cave. If the tines are struck against the inert gate, the substance vibrates with a bell-like tone, then begins to undulate and shimmer. The gate leads back to the pool in Mirf's cave.

The “trees” of the Grove are not alive, nor were they ever. They are made of compacted ash and soot that will crumble at a touch. Any violence within the grove has a chance of striking a tree and releasing the dust. Each time a melee or ranged attack misses its intended target, there is a 25% chance of it hitting a tree instead. If a target is using a tree as cover, the chance goes up to 75%. Eight hit points or more in a single



hit—or twelve points total—destroys a tree entirely. The dust lingers in the air, creating a cloud that blocks vision similar to the *obscuring mist* spell (AEC45). One tree will create one 20' x 20' x 20' cloud with two-foot visibility. The cloud remains for 12 rounds. Each tree destroyed within an existing cloud increases the effect's duration by an additional six rounds.

There is no physical boundary to Galxur's realm. Walking through the trees in one direction will merely bring one full circle. Using flight or levitation will only take one about a hundred feet up. The sensation of motion will continue, but the ground will get no farther away.

Weird lights wink through the trees and eerie moans come through the dead trees. It is easy to lose one's way without distinct landmarks. The GM should use his discretion on how successful the PCs' attempts to orient themselves are. Simply blundering around will lead to losing one's sense of direction (LL45). During the course of the party's stay in the grove, the GM should feel free to place the following set pieces in their path.

GROVE OF ASH WANDERING ENCOUNTERS

If the PCs are taking too long, or if he prefers, the GM can make random encounter checks each turn:

d6	Result
1–3	IMPS (1d2), AEC119
4–5	HELL HOUNDS (1d3), LL80
6	LESSER DEVIL (1), AEC116–117
	1–2 BARBED
	3–4 BONE
	5–6 ERINYES

POT SHARDS

A glimpse of color, ochre and green, are the only clues that something strange lies ahead: A tall mound of smashed pottery, the remains of the hundreds of amphorae of wine given in tribute to Galxur by generations of Cyclops.

A few errant grape seeds that were not filtered from the wines fell from the pots. Some managed to sprout in the mix of clay and ash and sediment. The vines grow twisted and scraggly, crawling in tendrils over the pot shards. The vines produce a small, dark grape in loose bunches. The fruit tastes very strong, almost medicinal. If made into wine, its magical nature would make it ideal as a base for potion brewing (halving costs of other ingredients). However, the evil nature of its home soil gives any potion made from it a 25% chance of having an unintended, malicious side effect in addition to the potion's normal purpose. See "Potion Mixing" (AEC144) for possible results. A vine cutting, along with some of the ash it grew from, would fetch a good price (up to 1,000 gold) from an alchemist or potion-making spellcaster.

CHOSHVAR

At the time that the PCs arrive in Galxur's realm, Choshvar—a powerful RAKSHASHA (AEC134)—is on his way to strategize with the devil regarding how best to profit from a mutual enemy's destruction. He has *plane shifted* to Galxur's realm, arriving shortly before the PCs near the attercop's cave, and now is walking toward Galxur's court when the PCs meet him in the grove. Choshvar has had dealings with Galxur for many, many years. While they do not trust one another (why would they?), they have an established relationship.

Choshvar's keen feline senses allow him to be aware of the party before they notice him. He will be curious about them and want to learn more before allowing them to know of his existence. Given the



chance, he will cast *invisibility* on himself and use his *ESP* ability to scry the PCs' intentions, following them from a discreet distance. If there is a paladin or otherwise intractable "do-gooder" in the party, Choshvar will disguise himself with his *change self* ability if he decides to reveal himself to the party. He will take a form that is most likely to allay suspicion for the group: possibly a disheveled "lost soul" desperate to find his way back to the mortal world.

Because he is extremely intelligent and ambitious, Choshvar might engage the party in conversation to discover their business in Galxur's domain. While he would never ally with them directly, he might leave them to their business and remain above the fray. After all, if they are successful, Choshvar may be in a position to capitalize on Galxur's losses. He may even, giving clever roleplaying and the right circumstances, conceivably be willing to use his amulet to help the PCs escape the grove if necessary.

If the party seems puissant, and he has read their hostile intentions regarding Galxur, he may wish to further his own interests by aiding the party indirectly. He can tell them the physical layout of the "court," the nature of Galxur's minions (imps, AEC119), and even Galxur's relative vulnerabilities to silver and electrical attacks (as opposed to fire or cold; see *New Monsters*, p26).

If encountered at Galxur's court, he remains aloof and neutral in any confrontation unless taking sides will benefit him substantively. He will, of course, lawfully honor the letter of any bargains he'd made.

GALXUR'S COURT

Lights come from a large elliptical clearing: the open air court where Galxur spends most of his time. He sits on his throne, attended by grotesque imps.

The rust-colored "throne" carved from frozen blood stands at one end. A few smaller chairs, made of bone lashed with sinews, stand nearby for guests. Galxur sits here talking with the Rakshasa. An imp refills their goblets with wine from a pitcher.

A fire basket of thick iron bands sits about 10' before the throne. Inside is a amorphous shape, sometimes humanoid, sometimes reptilian, usually indescribable. It glows with rippling light of shifting hues. It casts weird shadows as it writhes, apparently in pain. Imps prod it occasionally with short spears, causing it to howl strange flutelike noise and shift colors faster. Above the fire basket stands a rack made of bone. Hanging from it are strings of black clay jars. These are the Spirit Urns (see *New Items*, p27). There are twenty-five jars altogether, hanging in rows. The rack is designed so that it can hang over the fire basket in order to heat the urns, tormenting the souls within as they swing from the rack. As the souls burn, the jars' relief figures move and writhe in pain.

After a few minutes, Galxur waves to the imps to remove the rack and they carry it to the opposite end of the clearing, about 100' from the throne where three





amphorae of Mirf's wine sit among some rocks. One of the jugs is open and about half full, the others are still sealed. There is 1 in 6 chance every turn that the serving imp comes to refill the pitcher after the rack is set there.

FIGHTING GALXUR

If things come to a head with Galxur, he will send his imps to fight at first, not wanting to appear threatened in front of Choshvar. There are seven imps in the clearing with Galxur. They will swarm the PCs trying to bring them down quickly. If four or more are taken out of the fight, Galxur will get involved directly.

GALXUR'S TACTICS

First he will try to *gate* in more imps, then he will try to use his *hold* or *charm person* ability against the PCs. He will close to melee as a last resort, using at least one claw attack per round to bring his *slow* ability into play.

If the fight goes poorly, he will reluctantly ask Choshvar for aid, shouting a promise of six jugs of wine from the next tribute, as well as the flesh and souls of the party as payment.

The thing in the fire basket is the long-tortured soul of some bizarre entity. To open the cage requires *dispel magic*; 10 hp of damage done to the iron bands in a single attack; an open doors check at -2; or a *knock* spell. If it is freed it will fly at Galxur, blasting him with fire and light. Galxur will be stunned by the fury of the entity's attack for 1d3 rounds before it fades into the aether.



BEAULIEU '13



AFTERMATH

A red gem is set into the bowl of Galxur's cup. It is the blood diamond that seals the Cyclops' pact. A single blow dealing 4 hp damage or better with a magic weapon will break it. Characters examining the cup will spot the gem easily.

Frozen inside Galxur's blood throne is a heavy gold ring. It is barely visible (only close scrutiny will reveal the glint of the metal). The ring bears an emerald carved like a skull. It has diamond chips for eyes. The band is engraved on either side of the stone with a nude figure (one side male, the other a female) each with its arms upstretched as if elevating the skull. It does not radiate magic. The ring would easily be worth several thousand gold pieces to the right buyer. The ring is actually very magical, but has numerous anti-detection spells cast upon it. It is the phylactery of the dreaded archlich Bracol. Galxur made a bargain with Bracol to safeguard the ring for 666 years. That time is nearly up. The ring cannot be harmed by ordinary means. Only three things can destroy it: fire from an ancient dragon's breath, a sphere of annihilation, or Bracol himself.

If the PCs are successful against Galxur and manage to return to the material plane, Mirf will free Zachary with a draught of "antidote" wine, turning him back into a man. He will also gift the PCs with a jug of the wine. The PCs can choose to enter into further negotiations or not. Zachary is perfectly willing to speak for his father in such matters. Back in town, Elias happily pays as promised and will listen to any proposals about trade with Mirf. Clever PCs could end up with a partnership in a lucrative wine business, but it would be weeks or months before the profits would start accruing. Mirf will not part with any vine cuttings, but he will trade some wine, and even some of his normal goats, in exchange for good steel tools made to his size, fresh beef (he's tired of goat), and cheese.

The creatures the PCs face and the potential financial returns should provide ample XP awards for the characters. The GM may wish to reward good roleplaying when making bargains with the various NPCs and monsters in the adventure as well.

GMs should decide how much wealth beyond the promised rewards he wishes the PCs to realize out of this bargaining, but if they negotiate a percentage of the profits, a few thousand gold pieces annually is not unreasonable, to be collected in Renneton each year.

Once the PCs have completed their quests, there is still a lot that can happen.

- * Competitors may try to discover the secret of the valley.
- * Mirf is growing older. Does he seek a successor or an heir?
- * Is Galxur gone?
- * Does Chosvar take an interest in the PCs' affairs?
- * Finally, when the PCs return to Renneton for their profits, it can lead into the adventure *Wheel of Evil*, also set in Renneton, also from Faster Monkey Games.

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NEW MONSTERS

VALLEY OF THE DIAMOND SWORD

VINE HOBBS

No. Enc.: 2d6 (3d10)

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 90' (30')

Armor Class: 3

Hit Dice: 1

Attacks: 1

Damage: 1, poison

Save: E1

Morale: 7

Hoard Class: Nil

XP: 16

A vinehob is a manlike figure four to six inches tall, seemingly made of yellowish-green sticks. They have no apparent eyes or ears, just small ragged mouths, but display human-like senses. They do not talk, but appear to understand speech. They exhibit fierce cunning, especially in large numbers. Vine hobs appear among grape vines, orchards, or berry thickets and live on the rodents and insects attracted to the fruit. Hobs can hide and move silently with 90% proficiency if they are among vegetation at least six inches high/thick. If they are successfully hidden, they have a 4 in 6 chance of attacking with surprise.

Poison: A vine hob carries a sharpened stick (about the size of a pencil), its point coated in a sticky venom. On a hit, the target must save vs. poison or become intoxicated. The victim is at -2 to all rolls for 1 turn. If he is poisoned again while under the effects and fails his save, he falls unconscious for one hour, to awaken with a terrible hangover (-1 to all rolls for 1 day or until they receive the benefits of *sweet water* or *neutralize poison*).

The hobs will steal anything small and shiny from the an unconscious victim, including coins, gems, and daggers. They won't remove mail, but will take metal helmets. They will remove heads from spears and axes and the like, leaving the shafts. The hobs also take anything edible or potable, including potions, but not water.

The greedy hobs eat as they go, so PCs tracking their items will find gnawed rations, empty wineskins, and drained potion vials. (If multiple potions are taken from their victims, mischievous GMs might roll on the potion mixing table (AEC144) to see what happens to the hobs.) If all PCs succumb to hob poison, they are left at the edge of the vineyard trussed up in vines as strong as silk rope. It takes 1d3 turns to break free unless possessing ogre strength or greater, in which case it takes 1d4 rounds.

CAPRARONES

No. Enc.: 1d2 (2d6)

Alignment: Neutral (Good)

Movement: 40' (120')

Armor Class: 2

Hit Dice: 4+4

Attacks: 2 (butt, trample, or bite)

Damage: 1d6/2d8/1d4

Save: C4

Morale: 10

Hoard Class: Special

XP: 515

Special: Regeneration, *hold person* gaze, immune to *charm*

These guardian goats are roughly the size of horses, with long ebony horns. They watch over the normal goats in the herd and the rest of the valley as well. They are as intelligent as an average human and totally loyal to Mirf the Cyclops. They are not overly aggressive, but won't shy from a fight if necessary. Most of these beasts are not original victims of the Curse (see p. 24), but descendants of those who were transformed by Mirf. They have interbred with each other and the regular herds for over a century, a caprarone breeding true a



few times each generation. Careful observation shows they don't have the horizontal pupils of a normal goat, but human eyes. Caprorones are capable of human speech and all know the Common Tongue as well as Giant. They can even read (but lack the means to write in their present form). They can also communicate with normal goats in their own language.

Caprorones regenerate 2 hp per round and save at +2 vs. all magical effects (for high Wisdom). Because of the Curse, they are immune to other *charm* effects. Once per day, they can use a *hold person* (as per the spell) gaze attack. The effects lasts as long as the caprorone maintains eye contact. It cannot fight while doing so, but it can speak or call for aid.

Caprorone wool is extremely resilient and magical. It is suitable material for enchanted cloth items (e.g., cloaks, robes, flying carpets, etc.). Their hides, if the wool is left on, can be fashioned into leather armor +1.

One of the caprorones is missing an eye. It was a magic-user who had learned of the Second Eye (see New Items, p27) and snuck into the grotto to master its powers. Mirf caught him and tricked him into drinking the transforming wine. This caprarone could still use the Eye, but has no desire to do so any more.

EMBER (SMALL FIRE ELEMENTAL)

No. Enc.: 0 (1)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 3
Hit Dice: 2
Attacks: 1
Damage: 1d6
Save: F2
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: Nil
XP: 38

The ember appears as a glowing coal about the size of human heart. It is actually pure flame. It cannot fly but it can climb vertical surfaces at full speed. It cannot cross water more than 3' across or 1' deep. Mirf's ember must remain within 30' of the kiln. If the kiln is destroyed, the ember is banished back to the plane of fire.

Embers can only be harmed by magic, weapons with at least a +1 enchantment, or water. Being doused with a bucket's worth of water or more deals 1d6 damage (if the water is thrown, it may save vs. breath weapon to avoid damage). Submerging it deals 1d6 damage per round. Cold-based creatures take double damage from the ember.

The ember attacks with 1d6 fire damage, by either coming into direct contact with its target or shooting a jet of flame up to 12' away. The ember sets ablaze ordinary flammable objects and materials in 1d3 rounds of maintained contact. Highly combustible materials are instantly set ablaze. A roll of a natural 20 instantly ignites a target. Magical objects made of flammable materials (scrolls, robes, etc.) get a saving throw to avoid being destroyed.

Embers are sapient, but frightfully stupid. Most only speak the Fire Speech of their home plane, but occasionally one knows a few words of Draconic (red) or Infernal.



GROME (SMALL EARTH ELEMENTAL)

No. Enc.: 0 (1)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 3
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: 2
Damage: 1d8/1d8
Save: F4
Morale: 10
Hoard Class: Nil
XP: 190

A grome normally appears as a large, flat stone, but it can change its shape into a rocky humanoid about the size of a dwarf. Any victim standing on earth or stone will suffer +4 damage from the grome's attacks. It can only be harmed by magic or weapons with at least a +1 enchantment. The grome bound to Mirf must remain in contact with the wine press. If the press is destroyed, the grome is banished back to the plane of earth. It doesn't know that, though. It thinks it will die. It is immune to charm, sleep, or other mind-affecting spells.

MIRF (GREATER CYCLOPS)

No. Enc.: (0) 1
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 4
Hit Dice: 15 (100 hp)
Attacks: 1
Damage: 3d12/3d6 (staff, or sling boulders)
Save: F15
Morale: 9
Hoard Class: Special
XP: 3,300

Mirf is the last of his bloodline, an ancient race of giants. "Normal" Cyclopeses are lesser descendants of his kin. He is larger and more intelligent than a normal Cyclops, standing over 25' tall. He is very ancient, but his is a long-lived race and he still possesses a great deal of vigor. He has a Cyclops' normal -2 penalty in combat due to his lack of depth perception, but has 120' infravision. Mirf wears clothes made from tanned goat skins, a patchwork of different colored furs, forming a well-stitched set of leather tunic and treads.

Mirf has no wish to fight, but only to be left in peace. He mistrusts strangers, because most who have found him over the years have tried attacking or robbing him. He is willing to talk if peaceful overtures are made. He speaks Giant, Draconic, Elf, and Common.

Tactics: If forced to fight, in melee he uses his fifteen-foot "staff" as a giant club (3d12 damage). He also keeps a belt pouch with a half dozen pumpkin-sized boulders in it. His staff doubles as a staff sling, allowing him to propel the rocks up to 300' feet away! He can call the caprarones and 2d12 arrive anywhere in the valley within 4 rounds to fight loyally for him.

Mirf also wears a sash over one shoulder with five clay jugs strung along it. One is wine, the other four are potions. Each jug contains 3 Cyclops-sized or 6 "normal" doses. The potions are: *extra-healing*, *human control (humans)*, *invisibility*, and *invulnerability*.



THE CURSE

Greater Cyclopes have the ability to curse those who wrong them—and much more powerfully than their lesser brethren. Mirf can perform the Curse once a week. It can reach any distance on the material plane. It causes a terrible thirst to develop in its victims. No drink will slake it. They are also plagued by dreams and visions of a rich, ruby wine in a silver jug and scenes of the valley. The victims must make saving throws at –2 vs. spells every day. On a failure, they are compelled to seek the valley and the silver jug. When the victim arrives, the Cyclops treats him kindly and gives him a cup of the magic wine to drink. The wine polymorphs him into one of the caprarones and lays a powerful **CHARM MONSTER** spell on him to serve the Cyclops forever. The other guardian goats are former victims of the curse and their descendants.

The Cyclops can find transgressors using the Second Eye (see New Items p27). Once the PCs have been in the Valley for at least a day (or have had contact with the caprarones), Mirf is aware of them. If they have angered him, he will put his curse on one of the party (whomever looks least likely to resist). Mirf then leaves a silver pitcher (100 gp value) of the magic wine out for the party to find, instructing the vine hobs to steer well clear of it. The cursed PC, if he has failed his saving throw, immediately drinks the wine and is transformed.

Transformed characters must do as the Cyclops says, but are not mindless. They retain their own will and memories at first, but over time their new form begins to dominate their personality until they no longer remember being anything else, or wish to change back. Mirf does have an antidote. It is a clear wine he keeps in a small jar. He will tell the party that he might be inclined to restore the transformed character, except he needs his caprarones to help guard his vineyards. Without them, he would fail in his tribute to Galxur, and his soul would be forfeit, then no one would be able to mitigate the torment of him and his ancestors at the devil's hands (see Mirf's Dilemma, p.14).

A *remove curse* from a 12th level or higher caster before drinking the wine breaks the enchanted thirst. After the person is changed into a goat, the victim will resist being changed back, or having the charm lifted. They must be polymorphed back into their former selves before the curse can be removed as above.





GROVE OF ASHES

ATTERCOP

No. Enc.: 1 (1d2)
Alignment: Neutral (Evil)
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 5+1
Attacks: 3 (claws, bite)
Damage: 1d4/1d4/1d6 + poison
Save: F5
Morale: 9
Hoard Class: VI + 100 gp
XP: 1,260

The attercop resembles a 7' tall humanoid spider. It has only two legs and two arms, but they end in pincer-like claws. Its head is that of a huge tarantula. The creature is an aggressive hunter and fond of human prey, but will drink the blood of almost any living thing. Attercops have below-average human-level intelligence, but are quite cunning when it comes to ambush tactics. Their bite is venomous, and can choose from two different effects: paralysis (instant, lasts 1d6 turns) or death (within 1d6 rounds). The victim must save vs. poison or suffer the bite's full effects. Attercops have 90' infravision.

The attercop can also spin webs, putting the silk to a variety of uses, including nets, tripwires, lassos, climbing lines, etc. It can make the web sticky if it wishes to ensnare its prey (much like a *web* spell). The attercop can spin up to a 10' x 10' area of webbing per round, or up to 30' of line. It cannot attack while spinning, as the web comes from a gland near the base of its spine, but it can move. The attercop can climb the webs, or move through them, at full speed. It is unaffected by the stickiness as well and immune to other spiders' webs and the *web* spell.

Attercops have a natural affinity for spiders, giant or otherwise, and can communicate with them. They receive a -2 reaction bonus when dealing with other

members of spider-kind (including rhagodessas). There is a 20% chance of an attercop having 1d6 giant spiders living with it in its lair. They will be all the same species, but can be of any type. These spiders will do the attercop's bidding, but use their normal morale scores.

CHOSHVAR THE RAKSHASA

No. Enc.: 0 (1, unique)
Alignment: Lawful (Evil)
Movement: 150' (50')
Armor Class: -4
Hit Dice: 7 (50 hp)
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, bite, or weapon)
Damage: (1d3/1d3/1d4+1)
Save: F7
Morale: 9
Hoard: Carries *Amulet of the Planes* (AEC91), *Dagger of Venom* +1 (AEC103, 6 doses; 1,000 gp star ruby in hilt)
XP: 1,840

At will: *Change Self*, *ESP*

Spells once per day: *Charm Person*, *Command*, *Invisibility*, *Sleep*

Choshvar is an ancient and powerful rakshasa (AEC134). In his natural form, he appears with the claws and head of a Sumatran tiger. He dresses in the silk robes of a nobleman and sports a wine-red fez, worn at a rakish angle. His demeanor is urbane and civilized. He has a fondness for tobacco and frequently smokes thin cigarillos in an ebony holder (worth 50 gp).

While he enjoys devouring his victims, he prefers to avoid combat. He speaks most known languages and won't enter a conflict unless there is a genuine advantage to it. He will gladly parley, but is slow to promise anything. His whole manner exudes confidence and power. In combat Choshvar parries nonmagical attacks contemptuously with his cigarette holder. He shrugs off spells with elaborate casualness. If a magical weapon's attack does get through, he will become annoyed and focus his efforts on the offending PC.



GALXUR (LESSER DEVIL)

No. Enc.: 0 (1, unique)

Alignment: Lawful (Evil)

Movement: 120' (40')

Fly: 180' (60')

Armor Class: 0

Hit Dice: 6+4 (48 hp)

Attacks: 2 (claws and/or weapon)

Damage: 2d4/2d4 (claws) or 1d8+1 (weapon)

Save: F8

Morale: 10

Hoard Class: Nil

XP: 2,500

Galxur was once mortal. His soul was lost in an infernal pact long ago. A person of great cunning and ruthlessness, he rose in the ranks and is now a type of lesser devil (AEC115). He has accrued many allies, but he is personally not strong in a fight. When the Cyclops chieftain sought aid (p.14), Galxur was able to persuade an ice demon to assassinate the fire giant's leader, thus upholding his end of the bargain. Bael (AEC116) is his patron, and Galxur curries favor from him with gifts of Mirf's wine.

In appearance, Galxur is a 7' tall goat-headed humanoid, with glowing eyes and black talons on his hands. He carries a two-pronged "pitchfork" that acts as a +1 weapon. It appears to be made of shifting quicksilver (a successful Intelligence roll reveals it seems to be the same substance as the gate).

Galxur has the following innate abilities:

- * Telepathy (understands all languages)
- * Cannot be surprised
- * Can only be hit by silver or magical weapons
- * Half damage from cold-based attacks
- * Half damage from gas-based effects
- * Immunity to fire-based attacks (both magical and non-magical)
- * Infravision (90')
- * A victim of his claw attack must save vs. spells or be affected by *slowness* (reverse of *haste*).

At will: *ESP*, *Hold Person*, *Know Alignment* (1 subject per round), *Produce Flame*

Once per day: *Charm Person*, *Gate* (25% chance of 1d6 imps (AEC119), in addition to his normal minions.)





NEW ITEMS

SECOND EYE (P.13)

This pool in Mirf's cave is filled with water and lined with crystals like an enormous geode. Visions appear reflected among the crystals like a fractured mirror. It functions similarly to a crystal ball, but allows magic to pass through to the subject. Only a one-eyed creature can use this item. A person who is willing to pluck out an eye and drop it into the basin can try to use the basin.

There is a perfectly preserved human-sized eyeball lying in the water. It is a brilliant blue. Careful observation shows that it moves from time to time as if by its own volition.

Mirf can open a gate to Galxur's realm through the pool (see "The Grove of Ash," p.15).

WILD HONEY (P.4)

A single taste of this thick golden honey causes numbness and dizziness, giving a 1 point penalty on attacks, saves, and attribute rolls for 1d3 minutes. A dose of about two ounces causes a drugged state: the victim cannot attack, cast spells, use magic items, or run, and if trying to carry on a conversation or defend himself, must save vs. poison or lapse into a helpless, giggling stupor for one minute. Effects last 2d6 hours. The next day, the user must roll Wisdom or less on 1d20 or seek another dose. After total doses equal to half Constitution, he is addicted. Addicted users can talk and fight without saves, but must have the honey once per day or start taking 1 hp damage per level per day from painful withdrawal. Addicts always use the honey if available and spend anything to acquire it. If an addict goes two weeks without a dose, or receives a *cure disease*, he recovers. Certain purveyors of "recreational substances" pay handsomely for Wild Honey.

See the sandbox setting *Lesserton & Mor* from *Faster Monkey Games* to learn more about Wild Honey and those who trade in it.

SPIRIT URNS (P.17)

The pottery appears as black glazed jars, each with about a gallon capacity. A clay stopper covers the mouth and is sealed in place with lead. Images of the trapped spirit appear in bas relief on the sides of the jar.

These function much like a *magic jar*, but only work in Galxur's realm. They are covered in designs of Cyclopes in poses of anguish. Galxur often places the jars in magical fires to torment the souls. The carvings move and writhe in pain when burned. He can send visions of this to Mirf whenever he likes to keep him compliant, or simply to cause the Cyclops grief.

The jars are not breakable by ordinary methods. A blow from a magical weapon or powerful monster will force the jar to make a saving throw or be smashed (use Galxur's save vs. death). However, they can be opened. Breaking the lead seal and removing the stopper releases the captive spirit, which disappears with a ghostly sigh as it goes to its final rest. Each round that one or more jars are opened, Galxur can make a listen check to hear the noise (a 1 in 6 chance). Characters can make a Dexterity check to open more than one jar per round if they do nothing else. For every 3 points by which they succeed in their roll, another jar may be opened.

A jar with a soul in it cannot be removed from the infernal realms. An emptied jar has no power outside the plane, but certain magic-users might pay well to examine one (up to 1,000 gp). They radiate magic and evil in the material plane.

DESIGNATION OF PRODUCT IDENTITY

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Monsters.

Inquisitive folk who went poking around and never returned.

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